MARVEL

GREG PAK • CORY SMITH • MARCUS TO • MORRY HOLLOWELL

#1 WEAPON H

10020 6019

BUTTE, MONTANA. 5:00 A.M.

<WE GOT ENOUGH *REAL* MONSTERS IN THE WORLD, FELIPE. DON'T NEED TO MAKE UP *FAKE* ONES.>*

<I'M NOT MAKING THIS UP, MAN!>

<HALF HULK, HALF WOLVERINE! TEN FEET TALL! KILLS EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!>

*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.

<I GOT A COUSIN IN THE ARIZONA NATIONAL GUARD.>

<HE HELPED CLEAN UP ONE OF THE *BATTLE-FIELDS* AT A *TRUCK STOP.*>

<THERE WERE CHUNKS OF *HUMAN FLESH* SPREAD AROUND FOR *MILES.*>

<AND NOW THEY SAY THE MONSTER'S HEADING *NORTH.*>

<TOWARD *US.*>

<C'MON, FELIPE. HOW'S A TEN-FOOT-TALL MONSTER GONNA TRAVEL ACROSS THE COUNTRY WITH NO ONE NOTICING?>

<THEY SAY HE'S GOT A *HUMAN FORM.*>

<HE COULD BE RIGHT HERE AMONG US.>

<HA HA HA! WHATEVER!>

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN...

...EMPTY YOUR MIND...

...AND NO ONE GETS--

HEY!

WHO WANTS TO WORK TODAY?

<ALL RIGHT! LET'S DO THIS!>

SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT...

...OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH.

HEAD DOWN.

EMPTY YOUR MIND...

HANG ON, WHO ARE YOU? DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE.

NO HABLO INGLÉS.

<YEAH, WHO *ARE* YOU, MAN?>

NO HABLO ESPAÑOL.

...AND NO ONE GETS HURT.

HA HA!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

NOTHING, BOSS.

SOME GUYS JUST WANNA BE LEFT ALONE.

HM. WHATEVER...

"...AS LONG AS HE CAN *WORK.*"

HEAD DOWN.

EMPTY YOUR MIND.

HEAD DOWN.

EMPTY YOUR MIND.

HEAD DOWN.

EMPTY YOUR MIND.

<HEY, *NO HABLO!* YOU WANNA GET A DRINK?>

HEY, HEY, HEY!

PAYDAY ALREADY?

<OH, HELL.>

HEAD DOWN.

ALL RIGHT, AMIGOS. TURN IT OVER.

NO HABLO INGLÉS.

EMPTY YOUR MIND.

DON'T GIVE ME THA--

WHA--?

AND NO ONE GETS--

KRAAAK

GAH!

DAMMIT.

WHOA!

<HAAA! THAT'S IT, NO HABLO! *KICK THEIR ASSES!*>

NO. THIS IS *OVER.* JUST--

GRRRAAAA!

KRAAK

UKK!

HEAD DOWN.

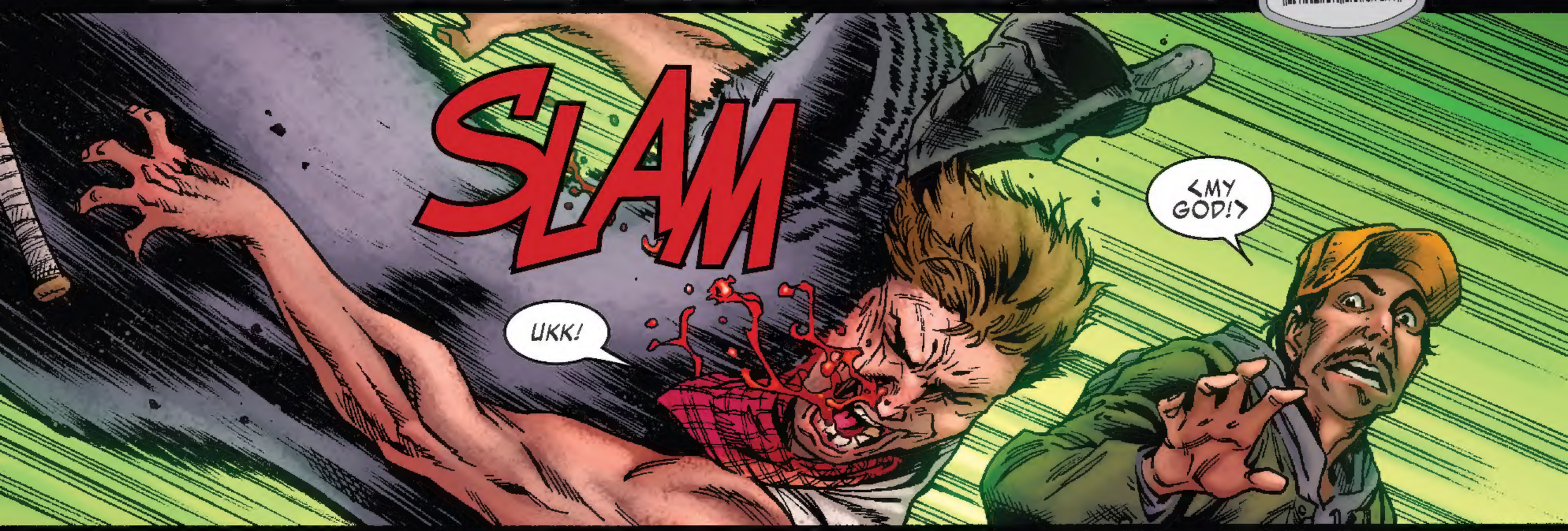
YOU'RE ALL DEAD!

EMPTY YOUR--

DEAD!

SNIKT

WEAPON H



WRITTEN BY
GREG PAK

DRAWN BY
CORY SMITH

COLOR ARTIST
MORRY HOLLOWELL

B STORY ARTISTS
MARCUS TO & MORRY HOLLOWELL

LETTERER
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA

COVER
LEINIL YU & ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.

VARIANT COVERS
GUSTAVO DUARTE; DALE KEOWN AND VAL STAPLES; ADAM KUBERT AND MATTHEW WILSON; SKAN

SPECIAL THANKS TO
AXEL ALONSO

WHO IS WEAPON H?

[redacted] Weeks ago, an ex-military Eaglestar contractor named Clay went rogue, murdering his team to save the lives of villagers [redacted] they'd been hired to eliminate.

In retaliation, Eaglestar turned [redacted] him over to the infamous Weapon X, the government program that [redacted] created Wolverine.

[redacted] There, a scientist named Dr. Alba blended Clay's DNA with the powers of both Hulk and Wolverine. [redacted]

[redacted] Now WEAPON H is on the run, determined to disappear – and thereby keep his missing wife and children safe. But there's a whole world out there looking for the Hulkverine...

designers: JAY BOWEN & ANTHONY GAMBINO
assistant editor: CHRIS ROBINSON
associate editor: SARAH BRUNSTAD
editors: WIL MOSS & DARREN SHAN
executive editor: TOM BREVOORT

editor in chief: C.B. CEBULSKI
chief creative officer: JOE QUESADA
president: DAN BUCKLEY
executive producer: ALAN FINE

THIRTEEN HOURS LATER.
ALASKA.

ALL RIGHT, CLAY.

A LITTLE ADJUSTMENT.

CORRECTION IN THE FIELD.

HEAD DOWN...

...EMPTY YOUR MIND...

...AND DISAPPEAR.

NNGH.

THAT'S IT.

WITHOUT A TRACE.

SO NO ONE CAN EVER... WAIT--

--THEY'RE HEALING.

DAMMIT.

HA!

HEY.
LOOK, DADDY! WATER!
HEY.
HEAD DOWN.
DADDY, LOOK! FISHES!
HEY, HOW 'BOUT THAT!
EMPTY YOUR MIND...
LOOK, DADDY! LOOKIT!
AAAAAAGH!
HNN...
THERE'S NO TRAIL UP THERE. WHERE'S HE GOING?
I DON'T KNOW, GINNY...

"...PROBABLY JUST WANTS A LITTLE QUIET."

SEVEN DAYS LATER AND 342 MILES DEEPER INTO THE WILDERNESS.

DISAPPEAR.

DISAPPEAR.

DISAPPEAR.

AND NO ONE GETS HURT.

EVER AGAIN.

NEVER GONNA LET 'EM *USE* ME AGAIN LIKE--

HHRPRRP

HUH...

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

NOW GET THE SHELTER UP, FAST, BEFORE THE BLIZZARD HITS!

WWWRRRRROOOOM

MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LANDED IN THIS WEATHER!

DR. STERLING, WE'RE HERE BECAUSE *YOU* SAID THAT THERE'S A SIGNIFICANT *ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE* IN THE AREA.

I'M WELL AWARE OF THAT, MR. BANKS, BUT--

THE *ROXXON CORPORATION* HAS *VOLUNTARILY* FUNDED THIS EXPEDITION TO GIVE YOU THE CHANCE TO *FIND* AND *SECURE* THAT SITE BEFORE WE UNDERTAKE OUR MINING OPERATIONS HERE.

SO I'D THINK A LITTLE MORE *GRATITUDE* AND A LITTLE LESS *COMPLAINING* MIGHT BE IN ORDER.

ARE YOU *INSANE?* YOU NEARLY GOT US *KILLED* AND YOU'RE ASKING FOR *GRATITUDE?*

DR. STERLING--

SONOFA--!

WE'RE MISSING THE CASE OF *RATIONS!*

WHAT?

CALL BACK THE AIRSHIP! TELL 'EM TO CIRCLE 'ROUND AND DROP IT!

I'M... NOT GETTING A SIGNAL.

DAMMIT. NEITHER AM I.

THREE HOURS LATER...

SO THAT'S TWO GRANOLA BARS, SEVEN HARD CANDIES...

...AND A PACK OF GUM.

YOU GOT A SIGNAL YET?

NO.

THIS IS FRICKING CRAZY!

WE'RE GONNA *STARVE* AND *FREEZE* TO DEATH!

NOT MY BUSINESS.

DISAPPEAR.

HEAD DOWN.

EMPTY YOUR--

AH, HELL.

EEEEEE!

WHA--

WHAT THE...

HEY!

HEY *YOU!*

DID YOU--DID YOU LEAVE THIS FOR US?

COME BACK!

WHO *ARE* YOU?

HELP!

PLEASE!

I SEE YOU THERE!

YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE US!

DAMN.

FOUR HOURS LATER.
JACKSON HILL RANGER STATION.

SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT.

YEAH, I JUST WANT TO REPORT SOME FOLKS STUCK UP ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THEY GOT ENOUGH FOOD FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUT THEY'RE GONNA NEED A RESCUE.

WHOA. GOT A LOCATION?

ABOUT SEVEN MILES NORTHEAST OF THE END OF THE WILSON TRAIL.

OKAY, THANKS, GOT IT. CAN YOU GIVE ME YOUR NA--

CLICK

WALK AWAY.

DON'T LOOK BACK.

...

DON'T--

DAMMIT.

YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHO LEFT THAT MEAT!

IT COULD BE *POISONED!*

WHO THE HELL'S GONNA *POISON* US?

I'M NOT EATING IT. AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU, WAGGONER.

UH... OKAY.

SUIT YOURSELVES.

WHERE--WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THE AIRSHIP'S SCHEDULED TO PICK US UP IN *THREE DAYS*, RIGHT?

I FIGURE UNTIL THEN, WE MIGHT AS WELL *DO* OUR *JOBS.*

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY?

I'VE MADE *SIX* EXPEDITIONS TO THIS AREA AND *FAILED* TO FIND THE SITE...

...SO OBVIOUSLY, *NO*, I'M NOT SURE.

BUT I'VE PORED OVER THE 1843 COMSTOCK DOCUMENTS FOR *TEN YEARS.*

I'VE ADJUSTED MY DATA FOR EVERY MAJOR STORM, FIRE AND QUAKE THAT'S HIT THE AREA SINCE 1843.

SO, IF *ANYONE'S* GOING TO FIND THE SITE, I THINK--

--HELLO.

THE COMSTOCK PAPERS SAY THE AVIGNON PARTY SOUGHT REFUGE FROM THE BLIZZARD IN A HOLLOW BETWEEN THREE GREAT TREES.

THEIR SHELTER WAS BURIED UNDER EIGHT FEET OF SNOW WITHIN SIX HOURS...

...AND THE EXPEDITION WAS STRANDED THERE FOR *SEVEN WEEKS.*

WHAT THE HELL'S ALL THIS?

AFTER THE *THIRD* WEEK... WELL...

PEOPLE STARTED *EATING* EACH OTHER.

SO THIS... *THIS* IS WHERE IT HAPPENED?

YES. PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. I NEED TO GRID THE SITE AND TAKE PICTURES AND--

FIRST...

...WE *CELEBRATE.*

WHO WANTS SOME JERKY?

WHAT--WHAT THE HELL IS *THAT?*

YOU WERE *HOARDING?!*

WE *POOLED* OUR *RATIONS!* WHAT--

WELL, I FELT COMPELLED TO KEEP THIS ASIDE.

IT'S A VERY *SPECIAL* MEAT.

MMMF.

WHAT MAKES IT SO SPECIAL?

IT'S HUMAN FLESH.

W-WHAT?

AFTER THE AVIGNON PARTY BEGAN TO *EAT* EACH OTHER, THEY WERE *ATTACKED*, WEREN'T THEY, DR. SAMUELS?

I'M AN *ARCHAEOLOGIST*, NOT A *FOLKLORIST*, MR. BANKS.

NOW WHAT THE HELL KIND OF JOKE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *PLAYING*--

PAH!

HUURRKK!

RRRUMMMBLE

IT'S NO JOKE, DR. SAMUELS. JUST A SIMPLE *DECEPTION*.

PHILIPS! ARE YOU--

W-W-W--

RIIIP

THE ROXXON CORPORATION HAS NO INTEREST IN *MINING* IN THIS REGION. WE SIMPLY NEEDED YOUR *EXPERTISE* TO *ACCESS* WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR--

WENNDIIIGOOOOO!

--AND NOW WE'VE FOUND IT.

AAAAAAAGH!

SHANGK

RRAAAAAA!

FANTASTIC.

BANKS 37D REPORTING TO ROXXON CENTRAL COMMAND.

OH MY GOD...

THE SITE HAS BEEN LOCATED AND A *WENDIGO* HAS BEEN *ACTIVATED!*

RECORDING AND TRANSMITTING.

COPY THAT, BANKS 37D. *CAPTURE SHIP* IN TRANSIT.

WENDIGO!

THIS-- THIS IS *INSANE!*

NOT MY BUSINESS.

AAAHHH!

NOT MY BUSINESS.

NOT... MY...

SHKLLAAAAAAAAANG

SHAAAAKOOOOOM

FAAARROOOOOM

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE--

SHAAANG

--YOU?!

HSSSSSS

GRRRAAAA!

RRRAAAGH!

GREENWICH VILLAGE.

OH, DEAR...

...THERE YOU ARE.

THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF DOCTOR STEPHEN STRANGE.

...WENDIGO.

BUT BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN YOU...

...ALONG WITH SOMETHING--

--OH, VISHANTI...

SOMETHING EVEN WORSE...

TO BE CONTINUED!

EULESS, TEXAS.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

NNNH...

LEGGO!

YOU LEGGO

YOU LEGGO!

MOOOOM!

UGH.

LOOK, THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME I'VE CALLED!

IT'S BEEN *MONTHS!*

I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN AT LEAST EIGHT PAYMENTS BY NOW!

BREAKFAST!

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION SOUTHWEST REGIONAL OFFICE

SORRY, GOT A LOT GOING ON HERE.

NO PROBLEM, MS. SUNG.

NOW WHAT'S THE HOLDUP HERE?

WE DON'T HAVE THE FULL RECORDS YET.

WHAT RECORDS? I'VE SENT YOU EVERYTHING A MILLION TIMES!

CERTIFICATION OF YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH.

WHAT?

DIDN'T THE *EAGLESTAR* PEOPLE SEND THAT?

SKRRAAASH

AAAGH!

OH MY GOD, I HAVE TO GO--

WHAT THE HELL!

SORRY.

DON'T MOVE! THERE'S GLASS EVERYWHERE!

ARE YOU TRYING TO *KILL* EACH OTHER?

WE'RE JUST PLAYING.

WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY LIKE THIS?!

DADDY.

ROXXON NORTHERN COMMAND. LOCATION CLASSIFIED.

GRRRRAAAAAA!

INCREDIBLE.

WHAT THE HELL IS IT?

PART HULK, PART WOLVERINE?

OBVIOUSLY. DID IT *GROW* THAT WAY? OR WAS IT *MADE?*

WHOA. DID YOU SEE THAT?

YES. *TRAINED MOVE.*

IT'S--IT'S *MILITARY.*

YOU MEAN *HE...*

...HE'S MILITARY.

MR. AGGER, THAT MEANS...

YES. SENTIENT... TRAINED...

...AND IT *SAVED* THAT *WOMAN.*

DR. ELLA STERLING. ROXXON CONTRACTOR GH897B39.

MASSIVE POWER.

DISCIPLINE.

AND SOME KIND OF *MORAL COMPASS?*

THIS IS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BELIEVE...

PROCESS THESE IMAGES AND FORWARD THE BIOMETRICS TO ALL ROXXON AFFILIATES.

YES, SIR!

WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING ON HIM SOMEWHERE.

TYPE TYPE TYPETY TYPE

WHAT IS HE?

WHO IS HE?

I WANT TO KNOW HIS BACKGROUND, TRAINING...

"...AND FAMILY."

BE GOOD.

OKAY.

HEY.

LOOK AT ME.

Tiny Tots PRESCHOOL

I KNOW I'M A *HARD-ASS.* BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I *LOVE* YOU, AND I WANT YOU TO GROW UP *BETTER* THAN YOUR DUMB *PARENTS.*

YOU SAID "ASS"! G'GGLE HEE!

YES. YES, I DID.

"I'VE GOT AN 8:30 APPOINTMENT WITH MR. STEPHENS--"

RRRRRRRRRRRR

--IT'S ABOUT MY HUSBAND'S RECORDS--I STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE FINAL REPORT ABOUT HIS--

IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT A MOMENT, MA'AM...

EAGLESTAR

B35

HEY, HUSBAND.

HEY, WIFE.

AW, CLAY.

LOOK, I'VE GOT TO GET TO *WORK*. I CAN'T *WAIT* ANY LONGER.

I'M SORRY. MR. STEPHENS IS STILL ON HIS CALL--

DAMMIT.

THIS ISN'T RIGHT. IT'S JUST NOT--

--JUST NOT *RIGHT*...

Blue Team B33

ROXXON

YOU'RE LATE, SONIA.

BY FOUR MINUTES!

WE TALKED ABOUT THIS.

FOUR MINUTES, GINA!

HMP.

UFF.

ALL RIGHT, THEN...

Blue Team B33|

SEARCH

TYPE TYPE TYPE

GOT THE MESSAGE. WHAT'S UP?

ALL CALL FROM THE BOSS.

HOLY CRAP, WHAT IS *THAT?*

THAT'S WHAT *AGGER* WANTS TO KNOW.

YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE? ANY RECORD IN YOUR CASE FILES THAT MIGHT BE RELATED?

NO, NOTHING...

97 PERCENT OF REGIONAL OFFICES HAVE REPORTED IN, SIR. NOTHING.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

ROXXON IS THE *BIGGEST COMPANY* IN THE *WORLD.*

WE HAVE OVER *100 MILLION EMPLOYEES.*

WE *HAVE* TO HAVE SOME KIND OF LEAD HERE.

I DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU...

...THAT THE *SURVIVAL* AND CONTINUED *PROFITABILITY* OF THIS ENTIRE *PLANET* IS AT STAKE.

NOW I SUGGEST EVERYONE HERE DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO ENSURE WE GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS...THIS *HULKVERINE*...

"...BEFORE *SOMEONE ELSE* DOES."

TO BE CONTINUED!

We want to hear from you!
Send your letters to
MHEROES@MARVEL.COM. Be sure to
mark you letters "Okay to print"!

WEAPON

About a year ago, during a meeting with my editors in the Marvel offices, I mentioned that the evil scientists collecting mutant DNA to develop Super-Soldiers in the WEAPONS OF MUTANT DESTRUCTION book would probably also be pretty interested in nabbing some Hulk blood...

...and they'd probably make something like a Hulk with Wolverine claws...

...and we all sat there thinking for a minute...

...and we all grinned...

...and WEAPON H was born.

WEAPON H may be the most over-the-top, bombastic, comic-booky comic book concept I've ever worked on, and I love it. And I love comics for being the medium that probably most embraces taking a gloriously ridiculous concept and digging deep until you find a genuinely moving, thrilling emotional core.

I was all over WEAPON H from the minute we started talking about a Hulk with Wolverine claws. When I was 12, the Hulk was my favorite super hero and Wolverine was my favorite X-Man. On a fundamental, visceral level, I couldn't wait to write the character. But Weapon H really came to life for me when we started digging into our hero's backstory and mission as an ex-soldier who's trying to disappear in order to protect his family--but who can't seem to stand by when innocents are in danger. We're building a huge emotional story for Clay and Sonia and all of our characters--all while pulling out every last stop throwing Weapon H up against the biggest monsters in the Marvel Universe.

Big thanks to my editors on the various Weapon H stories over the past year, including Mark Paniccia, Axel Alonso, Chris Robinson, Darren Shan, Wil Moss and Sarah Brunstad. Huge thanks to Fred Van Lente, who co-wrote the Weapon H-centric story in the WEAPON X book that led up to this. And another huge thanks to every artist who's worked on the character, from Mike Deodato Jr., who did the initial designs, and Robert Gill, who drew the interior art for the character's first full-blown appearance in TOTALLY AWESOME HULK #22, to the current team of artists Cory Smith and Marcus To, colorist Morry Hollowell and letterer Joe Caramagna, who have pulled out all the stops to make the issue you're holding in your hands as big and brash and emotionally resonant as possible.

But most of all, huge thanks to all the readers who lost their minds the same way I did when we announced our little Hulkverine. Your enthusiasm has made this book possible--thanks so much for loving big, fun, emotional comics and letting our boy smash and slash his way into the world.

Greg Pak

When I heard Marvel was planning to introduce a brand-new character that would be a hybrid of the Hulk and his long-time (literal) thorn in the side and sometime BFF, Wolverine, I thought, "Why hasn't this happened sooner?" I mean, it's basically the thing I've wanted to draw since I was 11.

We've seen these kinds of mash-ups before, like that time Spider-Man turned into a Hulk, or that time Jean Grey turned into a Hulk, or that time one of the Power Pack kids.... Hang on, maybe I should just list the characters who haven't turned into the Hulk. But anyway, what makes this mash-up so special is the character underneath it all. Not only does Clay carry the pathos of the Hulk and the ferocity of Wolverine, he has the military training and the strategic mind to make him even more dangerous than those other two chumps. He can control his transformations and keep his wits together in battle. And there's a lot of heart in Clay's story and what drives him, which is what really draws me to this book.

I've been drawing comics professionally for a few years now, but I've been drawing them for fun since I was a kid. I grew up reading Marvel comics, and my first one was an issue of UNCANNY X-MEN, issue #300 to be exact. It opened with an image of one of my now-favorite X-Men, Nightcrawler, and had appearances of all the big guns—Colossus, Storm, Archangel, Scott and Jean, and yep, Wolverine. Actually, this issue features Wolverine busting through not one, but TWO different walls, which I thought was his mutant power until later in the issue when he guts Fabian Cortez for being Fabian Cortez.

I guess the guy with the claws always gets the last word.

That's what's in the back of my head as I'm drawing this book. The claws are one thing, but when you add gamma power to the mix, this guy is pretty much unstoppable. What's gonna stop a Hulk with GIANT CLAWS AND A HEALING FACTOR?! So coming up with a challenge for him becomes a pretty tall order. Enter: the Ur-Wendigo! Greg came up with an awesome new twist on the classic monster, and everyone let me go nuts with the creepiest, most menacing design I could think of. And this weirdness is just the tip of the iceberg, both for the Ur-Wendigo and what comes later. We're building toward something awesome, and I'm having a blast drawing this crazy, bombastic, action-packed corner of the Marvel U.

So welcome to WEAPON H! I hope you enjoy all the smashing and stabbing as much as we do.

Cory Smith

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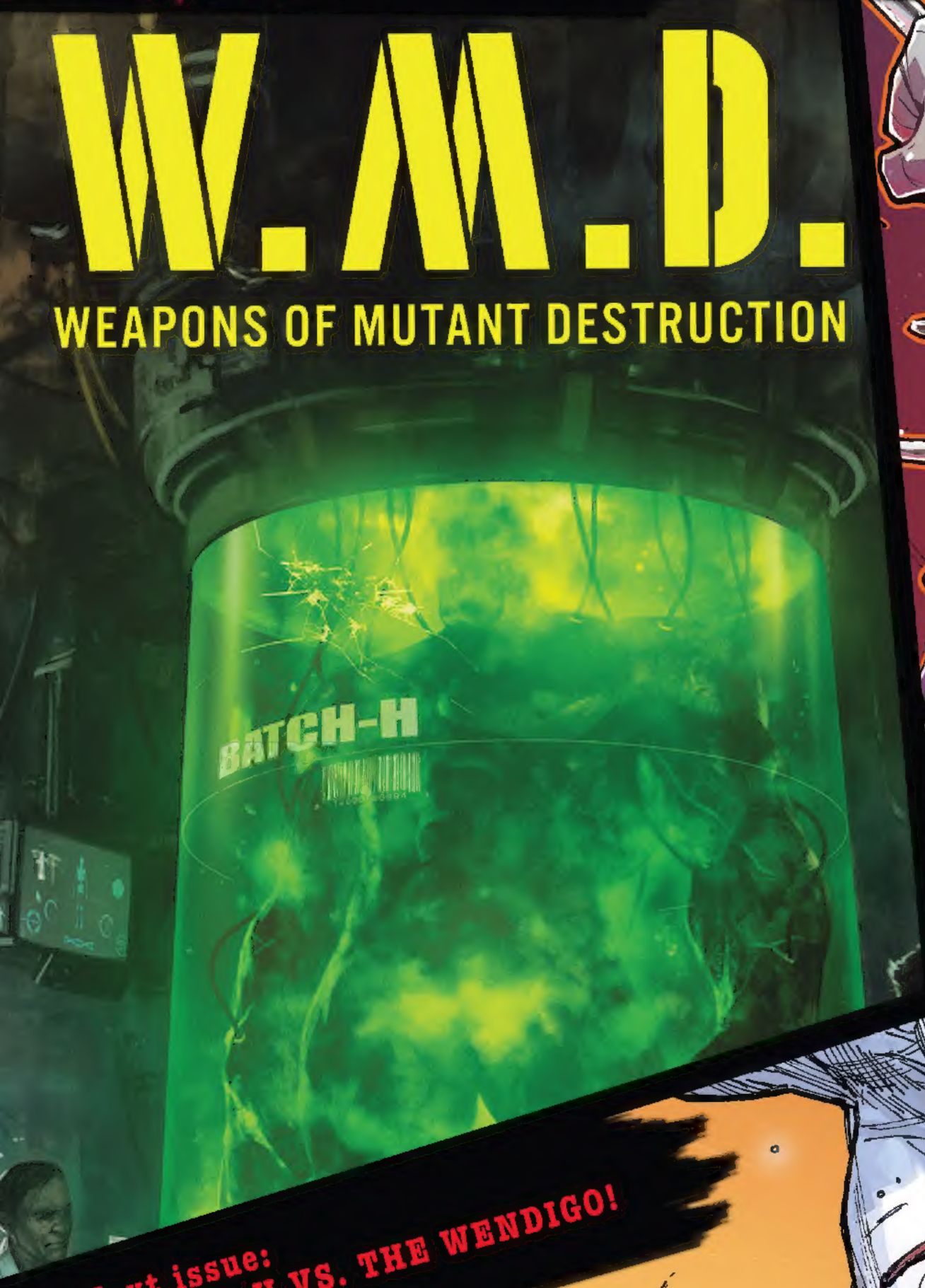
WEAPON H

Get the full story of Weapon H's origin in W.M.D.: WEAPONS OF MUTANT DESTRUCTION TPB and WEAPON X VOL. 2: THE SEARCH FOR WEAPON H TPB, available now everywhere books are sold!



Next issue:
WEAPON H VS. THE WENDIGO!

ZONE